Barium Messenger

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LUNATIC LEGACY

By Different Folks

CHAPTER FIVE

One morning, as Sam walked to school, he overtook one of his little pupils, Mary McNair, who was loitering along the way ahead, evidently waiting for him. She seemed bursting with information and could hardly wait for him to question her.

"There is a lady stay'in at our house," she said, "She come yestiddy and told Mammy she wanted to stay a month if she would board her."

"Is that so?" replied Sam, "What is her name?"

"Her name is Miss Jenny, and she come from Asheville. She is pretty as a picture, too."

"Miss Jenny." Immediately Sam thought of a certain day when he had been in the hotel in Asheville and Jenny Priest had read the crazy words on a slip of paper taken from the letter his father had left with Mr. Peabody. He wondered if it could really be Jenny Priest. The picture of her fresh young face and sparkling eyes had come before him recently with a persistency that he could not down. Was he in love with Jenny Priest? He assured himself that he was not. Then why had she been in his thoughts so constantly of late? He remembered her as she was when he had seen her occasionally while at home from college. He had danced with her once or twice the first summer and had taken her to ride, but she was not as fast as the other members of his set, so she had soon been dropped. He remembered now that someone had said that she was going into some kind of charitable work but had not been sufficiently interested to inquire just what it was.

As he went on to school, he kept pondering over this and from thinking of this, his mind naturally reverted to his father and a sudden regret and loneliness swept over him. How he longed to see his father again! He was somewhat surprised at this feeling, for heretofore, if his thoughts had turned to the subject at all, it had been to conjecture as to the mystery connected with the crazy words on the slip of paper and the possibility of really finding his father's fortune. He had long since given up hope of finding anything else and had not thought of the matter for several days.

He reached the little schoolhouse and, after answering some of the children's questions, he rang the bell for school to begin. But it seemed that he could not keep his thoughts on his work. Try as hard as he might—still they would wander— first to the girl in the hotel and then to his father as he saw him last.

At last, the day's work was over and he dismissed his pupils, unmindful, as they, sensing the let-up of his customary strick discipline, rushed noisly from the schoolhouse, shouting and pushing and upsetting little Mary McNair who thereupon rolled screaming down the doorsteps.

Sam, hearing her screams, rush-out and found the pupils disappearing down the road and Mary still lying on the ground her primer lying on one side of her and her dinnerbasket on the other, open, out of which a piece of apple pie had fallen and was lying on the ground.

While he was assisting Mary to her feet, a dog ran up and, seeing the pie gulped it down at one swal-

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The Good Old Summertime — Time of Rest And Relaxation — Oh Yeah?

By JOS. B. JOHNSTON.

Long before school closes its doors in the springs, it seems that every child is counting the days and hours until school is out; we grown-ups find ourselves doing the same thing and looking forward to that magic time when school books can be laid away and the tasks and duties of the school term temporarily forgotten. Each of us thinks of the happy days ahead, and then the last day - diplomas are given, good-byes are said, teachers scurry off to summer school or to summertime work, and we begin to heave a sigh with the thought, "Well, that is over".

Then we take a stroll over the campus. The swimming pool is just opened and there's a clamor around the neighborhood of the pool, but there is a much louder clamor in the neighborhood of every cottage - it is a chorus - "When am I going on my vacation" is the burden of that song. It is pronounced differently - in the case of the older children it may be, "When am I going to see Aunt Minnie?" grand-daddy or something like that. Down in the smaller cottages it is just "Vacation", and in the Baby Cottage it is "Batation" a magic word that some of the little ones do not even know the meaning of.

As we journeyed around during the early days of the summer, a little boy, the son of one of the matrons here, walked up to us and in a very indignant manner wanted to know when his vacation was going to start. Of course, he did not know where, or when or what it was, but since the others were asking for it he wanted it too.

Well, just a word about vacations. Before they could start we had to get a few little sumertime duties out of the way such as typhoid inoculations, catching up on vaccinations giving the younger children shots for diptheria, and then to further complicate matters, a few little youngsters showed up with the whooping cough. It usually takes a week or ten days to get these summertime chores out of the way and then the procession starts. This year the middle of the week was the time set for going and coming and every Wednesday and Thursday quite a delegation started out. Some were so little that they had their railroad tickets pinned to their shirt fronts; others were large enough to walk up and negotiate their own tickets, but all of them had that same gleam in the eyes that made them impatient at even a minute's delay of the train or bus they were going to travel on. And then, after a couple of weeks they commenced to come back. We are always a little bit apprehensive of a youngster's humor when he comes back. This year it was one of the pleasent things of the summer to see the smiles that greeted us from returning vacationers. They seemed glad to get back to Barium. We like to think it is because they love us here, but there was a little bit of suspicion in our minds that our ration points might have been more numerous than they found at home. Anyway, we were mighty glad to see them back and mingled with these returning vacationers was a sizable sprinkling of new children coming in. It seems like for the most part this summer they run to blondes, with a leaning toward the boys - as a result our Baby Cottage is almost a Boy's Cottage, - only three little girls to temper a round dozen boys.

Now, as this is written vacations are pretty well over and the theme song has changed from "When am I going on my vacation?" to "When are the camps going to start?" and that will be just ten days from now on July 30th, and there will be three weeks of it with each child at Barium getting one week at our delightful place on the Catawba River known as Camp Fellowship. There the lid will be taken off as regards to appetites and each child will have his own conscience as his guide as to how much he may eat. It is amazing to see what happens - a few do get sick, but not many, and the total volume of lamb chops, ham, chicken, weinies, hamburgers, melons, peaches, watermelons, and so on, that they consume during their five days at camp is purely amazing. We could easily be led to believe that that five days at camp is the time when they put on most of their yearly growth.

Of course, camp time is the time when those usual summertime complaints are multiplied - stubbed toes, bee stings, poison ivy, stomach aches of various kinds, sunburns, and mosquitoes. Anybody who has to look after children knows that in spite of the most

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Alumni News

Lt. & Mrs. Joe White and little son, Joe Mike, of Jacksonville, Fla., were visitors on the campus this month.

David Flowers has been promoted to Sergeant. He is stationed in France now.

Pvt. Millard Buford Robinson is at Camp Gordon, Ga.

Lee Spencer has been promoted to Sergeant and Donnie Bolton to Corporal. They are together.

We are glad to know that Worth Bolton is back in the States and hope that he will come to see us soon.

Louise Brock is spending some time in Emporia, Va., with Billy. Louise hopes to go in training in Richmond this fall.

Cpl. Charles Gallyon is in the Hospital at El Paso, Texas.

Capt Grainger Kornegay wrote that his Company had received two more awards, the meritorious service Unit Plaque with one star. He is with the 433rd Ordance Co. This award was made for outstanding efficiency and devotion to duty.

Milton Gaskill CSP of West Somerville, Mass., passed through Statesville recently and we were happy to see him.

Pvt. Charles Smith has been transferred to Camp Rucker, Ala.

James Shepherd S 2-c came to

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Reflections of A Wayfaring Man

1945 EDITION — By JOS. B. JOHNSTON

At a recent meeting of the Board of Regents, a plan was discussed for as many of the Regents as could to take a trip around to the various institutions in North and South Carolina to see how they are working out their problems with the idea that we would bring home to Barium many things that might improve our work here. This plan was enthusiastically endorsed and sometime later a date was set for the trip and all the members of the Board were notified of the route, and the heads of the institutions that we planned to visit were informed; and then time marched on until that date arrived.

You know how vacation time is; many unexpected things come up and many half-forgotten commitments come to light - first one and then another member of the Board found that they could not join us, and when the day finally arrived only one, Dr. W. Z. Bradford of Charlotte, was able to start on the trip. He and the writer of this article started out from Charlotte, first visiting the Children's Home at Lexington, the Junior Order Orphanage so ably administered by Mr. Robert Bruton. We looked through their commodious buildings, their splendid auditorium, their gymnasium, inspected their busses and discussed many things. It was interesting to note the different ways that this institution is working out some of the problems that are peculiar to it and that are not quite so acute with the others. Having children from widely separated sections of the country is one of these things. Children who have had their early years at an institution in another state. The thing we would like to have brought home most of all from this institution was the quiet, courageous way in which Mr. Bruton is meeting his difficulties and overcoming them.

The next stop was at Mills Home in Thomasville where we were met by Miss Lucille Johnston, another member of our Board who lives in High Point. We looked over some of the buildings, the printing office, parts of the farm, and some of the living quarters, and had a most delightful meal in one of the cottages for larger girls. Much of the time was spent in the office, discussing policies not only in the handling of applications of children, finances, and the upkeep of the plant but many other items that are dear to the heart of every man who loves his work. Where do we go from here? Meaning future plans and future developments. Mr. Grier and his whole staff treated us so royally that it was mighty hard to get away from that splendid institution.

We left Mills Home in mid-afternoon and went on to the Children's Home at Winston-Salem. Miss Johnston was not able to accompany us on this part of the trip. Mr. Woosley, the Children's Home superintendent, was away - (he had told us that he would be away on that date) but we were so ably directed about the place by Mr. Cleary, school principal, and Mrs. Bellew, the supervising matron, that we spent a most pleasant and profitable afternoon at this wonderful institution. We saw their new buildings and their old buildings, their recreational lay-out and something of their future plans. Incidently, we saw the swimming pool in full vigorous operation. It is awfully hard for an orphanage man to keep from breaking the 10th commandment when he sees this splendid institution and its up to date equipment.

It was getting late when we left the children's Home - that is late by daylight savings time, but not late by the sun time. We didn't stop at Barium Springs, but went on to Charlotte: at Dr. Bradford's suggestion we did drive through the grounds so that he could see if the impression of the three institutions he had visited would over-shadow the impressions of Barium.

We were a little bit concerned about Dr. Bradfords' reactions in this respect. We knew that he

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Presbyterian Orphans' Home.
Barium Springs, N. C.

Enclosed you will find $ ..... in memory of:

Name of Deceased ..... City

Age ..... Date of Death ..... Lingering or Sudden?

Survivor to Be Written ..... Address

Relationship of Survivor to Deceased ..... Number of Other Near Relatives

Name .....

Address .....

THE BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME

JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON, Editor

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The Good Old Summertime

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careful precaution there will be accidents. Most of the accidents are of a minor charactor but occasionally there are serious accidents. We have heard a number of parents state that looking back over their families' growing years they found that each child averaged one serious accident a year. Well, with something over 300 children that would mean a serious accident pretty near every day. We don't have that many but we act as though we expected that many and we take double precautions to keep them from happening. Somehow we expect these things to happen during the summer, and since there are so many dare-devil things to do at camp, we expect them to happen at camp. So far we haven't had a single serious accident at camp. A broken ankle is the sum total of our casualties there in all the years that we have been maintaining the camp, but this year we had a serious accident in connection with the camp. It happened one Monday morning when everybody was supposed to be starting into their week's work cautiously and carefully, but a truck load of boys had to go out to the camp on an errand. They went out before breakfast and were comming back and the boy who was driving the truck just had an uncontrollable desire to press down with his right big toe, (you drivers know that that is the toe that steps on the gas,) as a result the truck went too fast to negotiate a curve and turned several sumersaults, finally landing upside down with boys pretty well scattered over the highway and an adjoining cow pasture. There were something like ten boys on the truck - all were more or less shaken up and one was seriously hurt. His head was cut in so many places that it took the doctor two hours and a half to do his stitching - we don't know whether each stitch saved nine but they were taken in time - and resulted in a marvelous recovery for that boy. If you look closely you may observe the scars but they are not disfiguring. Nevertheless for a few days after this accident all of us were extremely uneasy about the lad's welfare. We hope that this will be our one and only serious accident for the year.

The children are not the only ones who are crazy about vacations - the grownups are too, and there is never a week during the whole summer when a full staff of regular workers are here. This summer Barium is very fortunate in having a splinded crew of substitute workers. Miss Duke who worked with us last summer is here, Miss Brown from Red Springs, Miss Myatt, Miss Cullom, Miss Privette, and Miss Moose. And then members of our own family - Miss Irene McDade one of the teachers; and Nina Berryhill and Dixie Buie, recent graduates who will be going to college this fall; Sarah Parcell who is one of our students at WCUNC. Mrs. Purdy is back - she came back as a substitute but we are hoping that she will continue as a regular for at least another year. Mrs. Purdy has a magic touch about her that makes the dining-room just look like home, and everybody at Barium was most enthusiastic over her return.

In spite of the fact that these substitute matrons are doing such an excellent job there are times when embarrassing things happen. Here's one. Early this summer a little boy entered the orphanage - he is about three years old, a healthy-looking, plump little boy. He had a knot right in the middle of his little fat stomach just as though he had swollowed a thimble and it had worked up near the surface. Well, he was taken to the doctor and he did not think it was anything serious - the regular nurse was told this and we went ahead not worrying, but about a week ago this lad waked up one morning with a pain in his stomach and the substitute matron, seeing that knot on his stomach, came to the conclusion that there was something serious the matter with him. It happened that our nurse was away, Miss Carpenter was away, and everyone was away who had any knowledge of the original examination, so we had to hustle the child into the hospital for a complete examination. He is back at Barium now none the worse for wear but he had a lot of needles in his arm during the fortyeight hours he was under observation in the hospital. Now we all know that the little knot in his stomach which seems to be disappearing is nothing serious and in the future he won't have to undergo those painful punctures.

In passing we will say that his stay at the hospital was not without profit to this boy. They were so crowded that they made a place for him in the hall on the floor where many nurses, doctors and patients pass. He wasn't completely happy but was ready to return a smile to everyone who passed him and greeted him. As a result, he collected an amazing amount of toys and things. There was just about all one person could carry, of toys, funny picture books and fruit, and in his bed we gathered up money - two quarters, four dimes, fifteen nickels, thirty-five pennies, and a big English penny - that was the result of a forty-eight hour stay in the hospital. Who was it said that doctors and nurses were too busy to pay any attention to a little kid, or that patients were too wrapped up in their own miseries that they could not see anybody else in trouble?

What about crops and such? The summertime is when we do our big farming, as you know; it is also the time when we have a lot of weather. There is the alfalfa to cut, wheat, oats and barley to harvest, corn to plant and to cultivate, something to do to vegetables every hour of the day or night, fruit trees to be sprayed and pruned and the fruit gathered. It has to be dry for making hay; it has to rain to make the corn grow; storms play havoc with everything. The business of diversified farming is something not intended for a pessimist to indulge in - there is something going wrong all the time. It rains on the hay, it is too dry for the corn. The wind blows the friut off the trees and blows the wheat down - something is going wrong all the time. On the other hand, an optimist can flourish like the green bay tree; no matter what happens, unless it is a bad storm, it is good for something. He may have a lot of hay down and a rain will come up and spoil that hay but he can shrug it off by saying that the rain did the corn lots more good than it hurt the hay; or, if there should be a week or two of dry weather, that's just fine for harvest and for doing the spraying and such, and although the corn may wilt and look sick, the optimist can comfort himself by saying that he is getting so much work done in the other crops that maybe the corn can stand a little dry weather anyhow.

Oh, yes, we were about to forget - insects - summer is their time too. Flies all seem to know when the dinner bell rings and ride joyfully into the dining-room on the backs of the children - they just like company. The mosquitoes seem to know where every slight hole is in every screen. Don't tell us that mosquitoes can't talk. But these are mild little pests compared to the vegetable-eating kind, potato bugs, bean beetles, Curculia flies whose children are those cute little worms that you bite into when you think you are eating a peach. Then there is plant lice, and we could go on like this for hours and it seems that each one of them has a little different poison to make them desist. It means that a man who runs an orchard or a truck farm has to pretty nearly take a Ph. D. in Chemistry to know exactly what poison to use on what date and what crop, but that is better than the days when a boy's afternoon work consisted in a pretty good-sized bottle of potato bugs gathered by his own shrinking fingers. Why in the world there isn't a bird that likes potato bugs we wouldn't know! But, there are watermelons, canteloupes, peaches and grapes, all to make us forget the bugs, and we can add up each day, or each week, or each month and put the headaches on one side and the delights on the other and we just have to admit that it is a pretty good old summertime.

Nevertheless, along toward the shank of summer on those hot August days and nights when we don't need a blanket, when the grownfolks are all hurrying away to get those last vacations finished, we can't help but listen eagerly for the first twinkle of the school bell that calls us back to those delightful books and those beautiful days when everybody is on the job and we can take a vacation from vacations!

Reflections of A Wayfaring

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would be too polite to say anything disloyal or in any way derogatory about Barium, but we did want to see the expression on his face, we were relieved to see a smile which we interpreted as being one of self-satisfaction after going through our grounds and seeing the children gathering for the Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting.

After a not-so-happy trip to Charlotte (there was a blow-out on the way) we spent the night at Dr. Bradford's home. Maybe we ought to stop right here and put in a paragraph of praise for this worthy gentleman. You know, maybe it is just ordinary hospitality that will induce a man to invite a friend to spend the night in his home and to furnish him a delayed supper, and maybe a person isn't to be commended too highly for giving up two days of a very busy practice to devote it entirely for the benefit of an orphanage, but when a man volunteers to use his car for a trip of some 350 miles with the wear and tear on tires and the burning up of precious gasoline, that stamps him as one of the true nobility. Well, that's the class that Dr. Bradford belongs in. We were afraid to risk our car with its damaged tires on the trip to South Carolina and Dr. Bradford used his.

We made a rather early start, Mr. Archie Cannon meeting us in Charlotte, picking up Mrs. Coit Robinson at Lowell, and Mrs. George Patterson at Gastonia. We went down through Spartanburg where we could smell the peaches as they were gathered and offered for sale. It took much restraint to keep our minds on the job at hand, namely, to get on to Thornwell where we could look over that wonderful institution and have the mid-day meal with them. We arrived there and were greeted most cordially by their new superintendent, Reverend Malcolm Macdonald, and by many, many old friends there: Mrs. Copeland, Mr. Stutts, to mention just two. It was good to be in this splendid Presbyerian institution to refresh our memories of the wonderful work that this institution has done in the past and the enthusiasm with which the present head faces the future. We went through a number of buildings there - too many in fact - and some of our party began to be conscious that their feet were doing an unusual day's work, and most of us began to be conscious of our birthdays - we had too many for that many stairs to climb and places to see.

By mid-afternoon we started out for the last place on the schedule - Connie Maxwell Orphanage at Greenwood, South Carolina. This is an institution which is spread over so much ground that you can get in the middle of it before you realize that you are in an institution. We located the office and were met in the yard in the front of the office by Dr. Jamison who called each one of us by name and made us feel so much at home and so welcome that we just wanted to take off our coats and hats and spend the rest of the summer with him. You know some of us who have been in orphanage work for twenty-three years or thereabout are inclined to think of ourselves as veterans, and at times get off into a corner and heap a lot of self-praise on ourselves for enduring so long. Well, we asked Dr. Jamison how long he had been the head of Connie Maxwell Orphanage - he nonchalantly said forty six years," and he is still an up and coming man, ready to take on any new policy or program that appears to be sound and progressive. Somehow in the presence of Dr. Jamison we feel immature and childish, and the things that we might congratulate ourselves on having accomplished shrink to rather small proportions in the light of his accomplishments. We took a bird's eye view of Connie Maxwell Orphanage. and went into several buildings - the gymnasium, the Church - but we did not begin to see enough. Our party was tired and we were a long way from home and our visit there was all but too short. You just hate to leave Dr. Jamison ever; he wanted us to stay and have supper with them and every time we think of that there's a longing in our hearts, not only for the good things that we would have had to eat, but for the pleasant contacts we would have made with the other members of the Connie Maxwell staff.

We journeyed on home, picking up some lucious peaches on the way - peaches that Mr. Cannon, our president, insisted on paying for. We were riding on gas that Dr. Bradford insisted on paying for, and we found ourselves at home finally with most of the money still intact that we had provided for the trip.

Now, what are the conclusions: Well, we found all of these institutions are up and coming affairs. They have been doing things some times where we have just talked about them. You know Barium Springs rather prides itself on being the institution that paved the way in inter-school athletics; the kind that caused the youngsters to lift up their chins and know that they could do anything that anybody else could. Well, we found the other institutions that had followed along in this respect have much nearer complete equipment than Barium. The Junior Order Home and Connie Maxwell Orphanage have splendid gymnasiums. The Children's Home and Thornwell have the money in sight to build fine gymnasiums at both places. The Mills Home is just trying to decide where to locate theirs and Barium's gymnasium is still in those Castles in the Air.

Barium is very far behind in the ways of transporting children. It is the only institution that doesn't have some bus transportation - that is the only one outside of Thornwell; Thornwell being right in the town of Clinton does not need a bus as some of the other institution do.

All of the institutions have the same program in keeping buildings in repair. Somehow where children are housed paint will wear off; window glass will occasionally be broken; plaster will break; and houses will leak. Balls and such things will fall on a roof and will sometimes break the slate. Barium at times has had to reach pretty deep into the bank account to keep its equipment ship shape. Just a year ago our repair bill was $23,000.00. It made us feel better when we found several institutions exceeding this amount and one, more than doubling it in one year's repair bill.

We all came back home feeling much better about a lot of things, and we believe that the main cause of that feeling was meeting these other orphanage folks. We challenge anybody to attempt to disprove that statement. If you will make a trip to the five orphanages that we visited, meet their superintendent and staff, you will just come away thinking better of humanity and the world in general. If you happen to get a chance to meet the kids just as man to man, you will come away enthusiastic about the world in general. This reminds us of something: While we were at Mills Home we were surrounded at one time by a bunch of little boys from five to ten years old - they were getting ready to go in swimming. One of us mentioned something about teeth and they were all intent on showing us how clean their teeth were. One of them had a slightly crooked front tooth; it was due to a baby tooth that had stayed in too long. We casually mentioned this

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Lunatic Legacy

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low. When Mary saw this she broke forth again with louder lamentations than before, but Sam finally succeeded in curbing sobs into sniffles, and closing the schoolhouse, and taking her hand, he walked down the road on his way to his boarding house.

Coming to the path leading to the McNair cabin, he yielded to her pleas that he should walk home with her, possibly in the hope that he might satisfy himself who the boarder really was.

As they rounded a bend in the path, he saw ahead of him, a young lady but could not recognize her at that distance. Mary, seeing the lady also, let go of his hand and ran forward, calling at the top of her voice, "Miss Jenny, Miss Jenny, Mr. Sam has come home with me." Then, as he came nearer the waiting girl, he realized with a start, that he really did love Jenny Priest who stood before him and that he loved her as he had never loved another girl. He could not define this feeling, yet it seemed to shake his very being and he could only stammer and stutter instead of speaking.

"Why, Mr. Smith! What in the world are you doing here! I never thought of you as a mountaineer school teacher!" exclaimed Jenny. Explanations followed and he found that Jenny was doing welfare work among the mountain people.

"These are really my people," she said, "My mother was a native mountaineer."

"So was my father" said Sam and I like them now that I realize their rough exteriors really hide hearts of gold."

Seating themselves on a log by the side of the pathway, they talked for quie awhile and finally Jenny asked Sam what he had learned about the mysterious writing she had read in the hotel at Asheville. He told her of his experiences and added that he had given up all hope.

"I knew your father well," she said, and although some people said he did some mighty crazy things, I found there was a method in all of apparent madness. I believe that your father had special reasons for doing this crazy stunt and, although I can't imagine they should be, I am sure they are strong ones and I don't think we should give up yet."

"I don't care a rap for the money," cried Sam, "but I would give anything to see Dad once more or just to know that he is safe and well."

"What makes you think that he is not safe and well," said Jenny.

"Where in the world could he be then," Sam replied.

"Didn't you say that he was a mountain boy?" "What better place could he find to disappear than right here among the mountains?" was the reply.

"I am almost tempted to try again," said Sam. "Tomorrow is Saturday and I will not have to teach school."

So arragements were made to begin the following day and, after eating supper, they sat on the porch far into the night, discussing the matter and wondering where to begin.

"If doubtful but daring get your inspiration where the creek does a toe dance and water runs up hill, feed your imagination where the hills juggle the juggernaut. Find your information at the 18th hole." quoted Sam "I know the answer to the first part of the riddle—Andrew's Guyser," he added, and the second part surely must refer to the hills and huge trains running around and through them, said Jenny, "but the reference to the eighteenth hole, I don't understand. If your father ever played golf, I never heard of it."

"He never did," said Sam, "He despised it, and always said he never had time for such sissy games. So he couldn't have meant anything connected with golf."

Just then a shrill blast from the engine of a freight train, rushing down the track a few miles away, came to their ears, but was suddenly hushed as the train entered a tunnel.

"The Eighteenth tunnel," Exclaimed Jenny, "Why didn't we think of it before?"

In her excitement, she grasped both his hands and whirled him round and round in a kind of improvised dance. At the touch of her fingers a thrill shot through Sam and it was all he could do to refrain from crushing her to him, covering her lips with kisses, pouring out his love for her and beseeching her to be his wife.

But he reflected in time. What assurance had he that she cared for him or, even if she did, what prospects did he have to get married on? Only a few dollars of a meagre salary he had earned since he had been teaching here. So he turned away saying goodnight and going within the cabin he climbed to the loft where he was to share the bed with one of the grown boys of the McNair family and Jenny went to her room and prepared to retire for the night.

The next morning he awaked early and, dressing hurriedly, climbed down the ladder from the loft, only to find that all of the family were before him and even Jenny had made her appearence. Breakfast was then served, consisting of fried chicken, hoe cake, gravy and blackberry jam and butter, served because of the double honor conferred on the family by the presence of the boarder from the city and the school teacher.

After breakfast a lunch was prepared by Mrs. McNair and Sam and Jenny set off across the woods tramping towards the eighteenth tunnel, which was only a few miles from the McNair cabin. Arriving near the tunnel they stopped beside a spring of sparkling water and ate their lunch.

Just as they reached the entrance, a train roared by and they shrunk back from the rush of air that followed it. They then entered the tunnel and began to search between the rails and beside the track for any scrap of paper. They had the least bearing on their had the least bearring on their quest. Returning to the east entrance, they sat beside he track dejectedly, but, after they had rested, they began again and this time made a more thorough search, going over the ground inch by inch. Several times they had to run from the tunnel to escape trains, rushing through, on their way down the mountains; for the tunnel was too narrow to permit their remaining inside while the train passed through, without being crushed against the wall. Time passed swiftly and, by the time they had finished their second search, it was begining to be dark outside the tunnel. They returned again to the east entrance and seated themselves on the embankment beside the track to rest.

"What was the postscript on the note?" asked Jenny.

"THIS MAY BE PRETTY, BUT FOR PURPOSE OF IDENTIFICATION, NOTHING BEATS A SNAGGLE TOOTH" replied Sam.

Just then, a train rounded the curve and the light from the engine shown in the tunnel, lighting it up as bright as day.

"Look, Look!" cried Sam.

"Did you see it?" He exclamed when the noise had sufficiently diminished to enable him to make himself heard.

"Yes," answered Jenny, "Just like a huge mouth with one single tooth."

Indeed, it had looked that way; for, near the roof about the middle of the left-hand side of the tunnel, was a peculiar rock formation left by the blasting of the tunnel—a crevice resembling a huge grinning human mouth with a single tooth extending upward from the center of the lower jaw.

Sam rushed in and ran to the place underneath the fissure but, try as he may he could not reach it. He tried to climb the side of the tunnel but could find no place for his feet; for the sides of the tunnel were smother near the lower part. He tried to jump up and grasp the rock with his fingers, but could not quite reach it. Jenny had rushed in behind him and now she, also tried to scale the walls in fevered excitement but there were no projections on which even her small feet could find support. Sam was in despair.

"Lift me up, and let me get it," said Jenny. Grasping her by the knees Sam swung her up and holding the wall with one hand and thrusting her hand in the crevice she pulled out an envelope.

Just then a roar filled the tunnel and looking up they were both horrified to see the light of an approaching train. Jenny stood as if petrified, but Sam clasping her in his arms, rushed towards the entrance to the tunnel.

Would he reach it! Must they both be killed in the moment of success? Just as the train was on him, he reached the entrance of the tunnel, but his foot slipped and as he fell he threw Jenny from him with all his force but noted that she rolled from the track and disappeared down the embankment. Then an excrucing pain shot through his leg and he knew no more.

TO BE CONTINUED

Reflections of A Wayfaring

[Continued From Page Two]

to the lad with the tooth, and he just as casually said, "Well, pull it out then," and we proceeded to pull it out. The tooth wasn't very loose, it took a pretty good effort on our part to loosen it and the gore following the pulling was somewhat excessive for a lad of that size, but it didn's spoil his grin for a moment. He strutted around, spitting blood, and bragging to the other kids by his very expression, and they all followed him very admiringly down to the swimming pool for their afternoon's frolic. Some day you will see that boy making a touchdown in football and handing the ball to the referee with the same expression on his face that he had when he stuck his tongue in the place where that tooth used to be.

Well, the day was finally over and about eleven o'clock we found ourselves at home, in bed and checking up on the two days' experience. You know we had personally visited all of these institutions before - it was the first visit for most of the members of the Board who made the trip. As a result our thoughts dwelt more on the members of our Board who had so generously given of their time to make this trip. It gave us a warm feeling. We felt more secure in our thoughts about our wonderful institution here than we had ever felt before. We felt that we could follow the guidance of people who were intent on knowing about the work, and that we need not be afraid that they would lead us into paths that might be hurtful to the future in his field to which this work is dedicated. We hope that the contacts made with these other institutions will be kept fresh and that we will all together make progress so that no child committed to our care need ever be deprived of anything that it is possible for us to do for him.

Alumni News

[Continued From Page One]

see us recently.

Lt. Sam Lackey is stationed at Sebring, Fla., now. He will be there 10 weeks and is assigned to a B 17.

Cecil Starling was married May 27th in San Diego, Calif. Sgt. and Mrs. D. W. Morris (Ann Fayssoux Johnston) attended the wedding.

S-Sgt. Grover Ingram is located at Denver, Col.

After spending a thirty day furlough with his wife in Mooresville, Cpl. Arthur Roach went to Sioux City, N. Dakota for reassignment. He came to Barium for a short visit.

David Burney SP (A) 3-c was here for a few days and went to Norfolk for reassignment. While there he was stationed in the same barracks with Pleas Norman and Sidney Parrish. He is now at Charleston, R. I.

We were thrilled over having Dalma Jessup return to see us. He has been a POW for 14 months. He has received the Presidential citation, the Purple Heart, the Air Medal with 1 silver cluster and 2 oak leaf clusters, the ETO ribbon with 4 campaign stars.

Mrs. Ellis Huntley (Edna Jackins) and little daughter Judy Carol are spending some time at Barium.

A letter from Herbert Blue stated that Miller Blue was in the U. S. Naval hospital at San Diego, California.

Scott and Herman Blue entered the Army recently and are at Camp Croft and Thad Stevens is at Bainbridge, Md.

Pvt. Ed Burney is at Camp Blanding, Fla.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rudisill (Margaret Gaskill) on July 11th a daughter, Barbara Kay. She weighed 6 pounds and 13¼ ounces.

Mrs. Dawson (Mary Bell Williams) of Wade, was a visitor on the campus for a short time. We are always happy to have these "old timers" come to see us.

On June 30th in the First Presbyterian Church in Monroe, Helen Price was married to Eugene Morrison White of Hickory and North Wilkesboro.

Bobby King of Haw River spent a week at Barium.

On July 1st, Nancy Parcell was married to Lt. Milton Aycock of Rocky Mount, N. C. Sara Parcell was her sister's maid of honor. They are living in Kissimmee Fla.

Lt. Hazel Simmons is in a hospital at Fort Lewis, Wash. They have patients from the Pacific and European Theater.

Ruth May is working in Burlington.

James Shroyer, Jimmy Dorton and Howard Beshears have gotten together at Alemeda, Calif.

Walter Ziegler was in the fighting at Okinawa and this is the fourth major operation that he has been in.

Elwood Carter EM 2-c spent a few days with us. He was home on a thirty day leave and has been in England, Ireland and France At the termination of his leave he was to report to Raleigh for reassignment.

Clayborne Jessup has been promoted to PHM 2-c.

We are happy to have Cpl. Paul Horne spend some time with us while on his furlough. He has been overseas for the past 17 months and has been in action in Belgium, Holland, France and Germany. He has an ETO with 4 campaign stars. He will report at the end of his furlough to Ft. Bragg.

Capt. A. D. Potter arrived in Raleigh on July 6th for a 30 day furlough. He has been away for the past three years.

Mrs. Lillian Urguart (Lillian Austen) lives in Durham. She has one son and he is in the Army. She sent us a poem which she had written:

I Miss You.

I miss you most in the evening,
When the day's work is thru
For there is no one to sit with,
And tell my troubles to.

I miss you at night, dear,
As the lights burn low,
And there is no one to kiss me,
And say, I love you so.

I miss you in the morning,
When the sun shines bright,
When everyone else is happy,
With hearts so light.

My heart is so sad, dear,
That you are so far away,
I pray that God will keep you
And bring you back some day.

PFC Paul Reid is visiting Barium and we are delighted to have him. He has received his wings as an aerial gunner.

Mary Bell Reid spent the weekend at Barium. She is working at the S & W in Asheville.

Roland Gant was married in San Francisco recently. Sgt. and Mrs. D. M. Morris (Ann Fayssoux Johnston) attended his wedding.

Pvt. Clifford Barefoot is at Camp Croft, S. C.

Esau Davis has gone to New Orleans, La., to attend an Armed Guard School.

Pvt. John Hawley is on Luzon.

Hilda Bernardo of Charlotte was a visitor on the campus. It had been a long time since we had seen Hilda and she gave us news of the other members of her family. Sam is near Trinidad. His address is N. A. S. Box 35, Navy 115, Fleet P. O., New York.

We congratulate Joe Long on receiving an appointment to West Point. Joe has been in Amherst, Mass. and came by Barium on his way to West Point. We are very proud of him.

Wallace Twombly is on leave at Barium. He has spent the past 14 months in England and Scotland. He is a radio operator. On Saturday July 21, he and Bertie Lou Whitener were united in marriage in Little Joe's Church at 4 P. M. They will go to New York and Mass., on their honeymoon. Roscoe Twombly, Paul Reid and Pleas Norman were ushers. The two entered the Church together.

Pleas Norman's ship is at Norfolk now and he came for the week-end. We are happy to have him worship with us and sing for us on Sunday.

We are rejoicing now that many of our boys are getting home and were happy to learn that Fred Johnson had been discharged. He has been overseas for the past 35 months. He has the Purple Heart and ETO ribbon with 5 campaign stars. He has been in England, Italy and Africa.

Sgt. Nellie J. Summers and her husband returned to Statesville this week. Joe has been overseas and has been discharged. Nellie is with the Marines at Cherry Point but after the thirty day furlough will return to secure her discharge.

John Donaldson, Chief Machinist Mate CASU 26 has reported to Mass. for duty. Previously he was stationed in Norfolk. He came by Barium for a short while.

W. A. Coats S 2-c has been sent to Miami, Fla. He is with the Seaman Guard.

S-Sgt. Ray Norman is now on a crew testing B 17's and is stationed at New Mexico. Ray has been overseas for some time.

WAVE Dorothy Thomas Sims has a medical discharge and is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Thomas.

Helen Thomas is at home after attending summer school. She will teach in High Point this fall.

June:		First Quarter:
409.56	Albemarle	718.60
707.80	Concord	1,790.36
598.95	Fayetteville	1,529.97
317.59	Granville	440.28
700.29	Kings Mtn.	1,253.40
783.16	Mecklenburg	2,416.62
472.03	Orange	1,444.12
315.80	Wilmington	640.29
271.12	W. Salem	594.72
$4,576.30	Totals	$10,828.36

Miscellaneous Gifts

A Friend, Rocky Mount, shoes.

Mrs. James Milholland, Statesville, 1 quilt.

Clothing Outfits

Lee Mem. S. S. Class No. 15.

Montpelier Aux.

Clothing Funds

Lexington 1st Aux.	70.00
Mitchell College Student Christian Assn.	24.41
Burlington 1st Aux.	24.00
Providence (F) S. S.	20.00
Mr. & Mrs. Chas. A. Mosely, Charlotte	25.00
St. Andrews-Covenant (W) S. S., Westminster Class	20.00
Oak Plains Aux.	5.50
Prospect Aux.	4.00
Howard Mem. Aux., Mrs. Mabry Hart	5.00
Mrs. Job Cobb	8.50
Mrs. Geo. Holderness	8.50
Washington 1st Aux.	20.00
Highland Aux.	10.00
Rocky Mount Aux.	72.00
Myers Park Aux.	20.00
Fountain Aux.	5.00
Friends, Washington	10.00
TOTAL	$355.91

Miscellaneous

A E. Scharrer, Gastonia	5.00
Mittie E. Pickard, Chapel Hill	2.50
A Friend	5.00
D. F. Cade, Hamlet	10.00
J. A. Gaither, Newton	25.00
Rev. J. P. H. McNatt, High Point	10.00
John C. Finch, Arlington, Va.	3.00
A Friend	25.00
C. G. Pepper, Hamlet	1.00
Capt. C. G. Kornegay, APO New York	25.00
A Friend, U. S. Army, APO New York	16.00
Miss C. H. Stone, High Point	1.00
A Friend, Cumberland	5.00
Miss Carrie Brown	6.00
TOTAL	$139.50

Operating Memorial

Mrs. Myrtle McCauley (J. R.) Page, Aberdeen:

W. H. Folley 5.00

Memorials for Church

Andrews, Mrs. Essie, Greensboro:

Glenwood Aux. 3.00

Avery, Mr. Isaac T., Sr., Morganton:

Capt. & Mrs. Isaac T. Avery, Jr., Statesville, "Father's Day" 3.00

Baldwin, Mr. William E., Dunn:

Mrs. J. W. Purdie, Sr. 5.00

Barns, Mr. James A., Gastonia:

Olney Aux. 3.00

Blalock, Pfc. James W., Bunnlevel, killed in Pacific:

Flat Branch Aux. 2.00

Blount, Mrs. Henry N., Washington, N. C.:

Mr. & Mrs. Carl Shelton 2.00
Washington 1st Aux. 5.00

Brown, Mr. F. Kenneth, Washington, D. C.:

Mrs. John B. Johnstone, Mocksville 5.00

Carpenter, 1st Lieut. James Robert, killed in Germany:

E. M. Craig, Cramerton 5.00

Cates, Mrs. Luther, Burlington:

Miss Eva Wiseman, 5.00

Clark, Mr. Albert, Charlotte:

Miss Rose P. Steele, Statesville 3.00

Clark, Mr. Eric C., Clarkton:

Mrs. C. A. Wyche, Roanoke Rapids 2.00
Mrs. Donald Fallmer, Charlotte 5.00

Corl, Miss Sallie, Greensboro:

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Myers 2.00

Corpening, Miss Leila, Statesville:

Mr. & Mrs. C. A. Mayhew, Mooresville 4.00

Craddock, John Wyche, Halifax, Va.:

Mrs. C. A. Wyche, Roanoke Rapids 2.00

Davidson, Mr. Carl W., Kings Mountain:

Mr. & Mrs. C. Don Blanton 10.00
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Neisler, Sr. 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. O. W. Myers 5.00
Mr. Earle Myers 5.00
Kings Mt. 1st Aux. 5.00
Mrs. C. E. Neisler, Sr. & C. E. Neisler, Jr. 20.00
Misses Ora & Mae Berryhill Fayetteville 5.00

Major & Mrs. W. B. Thompson, 5.00

Davis, Mr. E. Palmer, Dunn:

Mrs. J. D. Davis 5.00

DeArmon, Dr. John M., Charlotte:

Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Taglio, Orange, Texas 5.00

Dunlap, Mr. Fred, Rock Hill, S. C.:

R. H. Cowan 5.00

Erwin, Lieut. Edward J., Jr., Davidson:

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. McCoy, North Wilkesboro 5.00

Fair, Mrs. Martha, Gastonia:

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Y. Gardner 5.00

Finley, Capt. Robert Wood, North Wilkesboro:

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. McCoy 5.00

Ford, Capt. Walter A., Jr., Charlotte:

Mr. & Mrs. O. S. Perry 5.00
Dr. & Mrs. Leighton W. Hovis, 10.00

Foster, Mr. E. G., Statesville:

Mr. & Mrs. Paul L. Gilbert 5.00

Fry, Mr. S. R., Rt. 5, Salisbury:

Mrs. Elva & Mrs. J. Harris, Albemarle 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. A. Little, Albemarle 2.00
Albemarle 1st Aux., Circle No. 2 2.00

Gaither, Mr. J. A., Newton (Grandfather):

Ensign Bob Gaither, San Francisco, Calif. 40.00

Garrison, Mrs. T. W., Derita:

Sugaw Creek Aux. - Circle No. 1 2.50

Gibson, Mrs. L. O., Statesville:

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Culbreth & Mrs. R. Flanigan 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. L. C. Wagner 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Fred H. Deaton 3.00

Hassell, Mrs. Margaret C., Burlington:

Mr. & Mrs. H. B. Summerell 5.00

Hoffman, Pvt. Lionel T., Gastonia:

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Y. Gardener 2.50

Huggins, Mr. Henry Allen, Wilmington:

Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Ross, Charlotte 5.00

Lattimore, Prof. Lawton Blanton, Shelby:

Lily Mills Co. 10.00

Maxwell, Mr. Sam Charlotte:

Mrs. E. M. Harmon 3.00

Mears, Mrs. Grace Linney, Clarkton:

Mrs. Geo. H. Currie 5.00

Miller, Miss Daisy, Mooresville:

Friends 2.00
Mooresville 1st Wharey Mem. Aux. 2.00
Mooresville 1st Wharey Business Women's Circle No. 7 5.00

Morrison, Mr. J. D., Harrisburg:

Fred P. Quay & Sister; H. C. Quay & Family 4.00

Morrison, Mrs. Lacy, Statesville:

Mr. & Mrs. Paul B. Hedrick, Loray 1.00

McKeithan, Miss Sarah Martha, Raeford:

Corp. Julian Blue McKeithan San Francisco, Calif. 5.00

McNeill, Mrs. Roy, Rock Hill, S. C.

R. H. Cowan 5.00

Neel, Sgt. William Wallace, (Husband), killed April 1944:

Mrs. Wm. Wallace Neel, Charlotte 50.00

Page, Mrs. Myrtle CcMauley (J. R.), Aberdeen:

Dr. & Mrs. P. P. McCain, Sanatorium 2.50
Mrs. Grace B. Sloan & Mrs. Lois B. Knox, Statesville 2.00

Perdue, Mr. George Porter, Washington:

Washington 1st S. S., Vanguard Class 5.00

Peters, Lieut. Thos. L. Kingsport, Tenn:

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. McCoy, North Wilkesboro 5.00

Pharr, Mr. Query, Charlotte:

Mr. & Mrs. F. S. Neal, Jr. 3.00
Mr. & Mrs. Robert S. Hutchison 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Kuykendall Jr. 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Uhlman S. Alexander 5.00

Pou, Mrs. James H., Sr., Raleigh:

Mr. & Mrs. C. C. McAlister, Fayetteville 5.00
Raleigh 1st Aux., Circle No. 10 4.00

Pridgen, Mrs. Katherine B., Charlotte:

Mr. & Mrs. J. A. Little, Albemarle 3.00
Mrs. Elva & Mrs. J. Harris, Albemarle 5.00
Miss Leila Alexander, Charlotte 5.00

Ratchford, T-Sgt. Hugh B., Gastonia:

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Y. Gardner 2.50

Robinson, Mr. E. Banks, Gastonia:

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Y. Gardner 2.50

Rogers, Mr. William M., Wilson:

S. Russell Nickle, Charlotte 10.00

Sargent, Mr. J. D. Mount Airy:

Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Merritt 5.00
John Sabotta 10.00

Scott, Lieut. Ed. E., Statesville:

Mr. & Mrs. Herman Brown, Troutman 5.00

Sherrill, Hazel Little, Statesville:

Parents, Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Sherrill 10.00

Shue, Mr. Albert, China Grove:

Sugaw Creek B. C., Kate Neil B. C. 1.50

Spurrier, Pfc. Fred J., killed in Philippines:

Mr. & Mrs. Ralph A. Dickson, Gastonia 5.00
Gastonia 1st S. S. Herald B. C. 25.00
Mr. & Mrs. Warren Y. Gardner 2.50

Walker, Mrs. W. R., Greensboro:

Mr. & Mrs. J. S. McAlister 5.00

White, Mrs. Eugenia K., Fayetteville:

Highland Aux. 5.00
Miss Elizabeth McIntosh 5.00

Whiteside, Sgt. Major Reid, Bessemer City:

Rev. & Mrs. D. M. McGeachy 5.00

Wilcox, Mrs. Louisa Reid, (James S.), Charlotte:

Myers Park Church, By Mr. & Mrs. K. M. Bridges 5.00
Mrs. Whitefoord Smith & Sons 7.00
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Griffith 7.50
Mr. L. C. Sappenfeild 5.00
Miss Jennie Pegram, Gastonia 3.00
Mrs. D. R. LaFar, Sr., Gastonia 3.00
Mr. & Mrs. R. Grady Rankin Gastonia 3.00
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. H. Barnhardt 5.00
Mr. & Mrs. R. S. Abernethy, Jr., 10.00
Mrs. M. E. Boyer, Jr. & Miss Arabella 4.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Stribling 5.00

Wilkerson, Mrs. H. W., Rutherfordton:

H. L. Carpenter 5.00

Wilkes, Lieut. Guy, Chester, S. C.

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. McCoy, North Wilkesboro 5.00

Williamson, Col. James N., De Land, Fla.:

J. Sam White, Mebane, N. C. 10.00

Wilson, Sgt. Lowry S., Lowell:

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. McCoy, North Wilkesboro 5.00

Woods, Miss Verna Lois, Mooresville:

Miss Lena D. Woods, Charlotte 100.00
TOTAL 671.00

Churches

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY

Rocky Mount 1st	125.00
Wilson 1st quarter	40.50

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Back Creek	4.18
Bayless	1.30
Bethpage	7.70
Concord	7.67
Davidson	19.50
Franklin	.65
Front Street	6.50
Harmony	3.25
Harrisburg	4.63
Hickory 1st	17.57
Kannapolis 1st	74.92
Lenoir, Jas. C. Harper	20.00
Little Joe's	4.42
Marion	111.86
Prospect	3.93
Salisbury 1st	42.30
Sherrill's Ford	.67
Shiloh	.59
Statesville 1st	9.75
Thyatira	7.91
Unity	6.29

GRANVILLE PRESBYTERY

Brookston	.55
Durham 1st	35.76
First Vanguard	16.78
Geneva	8.25
Henderson 1st	55.00
Kenly	1.65
Mount Bethel	1.10
Mount Pleasant	1.00
North Gate	1.65
Oak Grove	.83
Oakland	1.93
Oxford	23.60
Raleigh 1st	48.20
Spring Hill	.83
Warrenton	8.25
Undesignated	11.00

KINGS MTN. PRESBYTERY

Gastonia 1st, 1st quarter	318.75
Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Kendrick	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Julian	10.80

MECKLENBURG PRESBYTERY

Avondale	1.50
Badin	1.62
Beulah	.30
Biscoe	.90
Camp Greene	.90
Candor	1.20
Charlotte 1st, 1944 Thanks.	55.00
Charlotte 2nd	138.00
1944 Thanks.	12.75
Community	15.00
Cook's Mem.	3.00
Ellerbe	.90
Erdman Love	.24
Hamlet	4.55
April-May-June	30.00
Hopewell	3.90
Indian Trail	1.50
Locust	.55
Macedonia	.60
Mallard Creek	7.08
Marston	.67
Matthews	.60
Monroe 1st	5.72
Myers Park	66.01
Newell	.36
Oakboro	.36
Pageland	.90
Paw Creek	4.20
Philadelphia	5.00
Plaza	4.80
M. J. Dean	10.00
Salem	.30
Selwyn Avenue	3.78
Sharon	7.77
Sugaw Creek	12.00
Thomasboro	3.00
West Avenue	1.20
Westminster	19.50

ORANGE PRESBYTERY

Alamance	21.25
Red House	20.00

WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY

Wilmington 1st	67.22

W.-SALEM PRESBYTERY

Winston-Salem 1st	125.00

Sunday Schools

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY

Farmville	6.47
Fountain	7.49
Goldsboro 1st	14.93
Howard Mem.	21.21
New Bern 1st	4.61
Men's B. C.	12.30
Pinetops	2.47
Rocky Mount 1st	20.10
Men's B. C. April	24.08
May	25.40

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Concord	9.54
Harmony	5.11
Little Joe's	4.40
Marion	13.60
Mrs. W. L. Morris	5.00
Mooresville 1st	21.70
Mooresville 2nd	33.00
Prospect	20.90
Royal Oaks, May	5.61
June	5.81
Salisbury 1st	7.85
Rumple B. C.	5.00
Campbell B. C.	5.00
Everyman's B. C. May	25.00
June	25.00
Salisbury 2nd April	15.45
May & June	34.73
Statesville 1st	18.63
Thyatira	22.00

FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY

Antioch	6.89
Bensalem	7.88
Bethesda	10.20
Bluff	8.25
Centre	19.44
Church-in-the-Pines	10.00
Culdee	8.50
Cypress	3.00
Elise	10.32
Eureka May	3.76
June	3.80
Fayetteville 1st	20.00
Flat Branch April	9.36
May	8.93
June	7.91
Highland, Outlook B. C.	42.30
Laurel Hill	15.78
Lillington, April, May, June	44.74
Lumber Bridge	3.83
Lumberton, 4th quarter, 1944-1945	19.34
1st quarter 1945-1946	66.21
Manly	10.00
Red Springs	10.00
Sherwood, 1st quarter	10.00
Sunnyside, 1st quarter	64.95
Union	11.00
Vass, May	11.69
June	15.96

GRANVILLE PRESBYTERY

North Vanguard, Birthdays	6.42
Oak Hill May	1.25
June	1.50
Roanoke Rapids	34.73
Trinty Avenue	25.61
Warrenton	8.70

KINGS MTN. PRESBYTERY

Belmont	46.37
Brittain	1.70
Cherryville, May	23.96
June	15.94
Cramerton April	4.31
May	7.22
Dallas	4.64
Men's B. C.	10.00
Duncan's Creek	8.06
Ironton	5.00
Lincolnton 1st	14.98
Long Creek	8.00
Lowell April	8.87
May	8.92
Mr. & Mrs. H. G. Davidson, Webster, Fla.	15.00
Mount Holly, Women's B. C.	3.48
New Hope	20.16
Olney	25.28
Shiloh	6.05
Stanley Creek, D. V. B. S.	6.50
Union	6.50
Union Mills	4.30

MECKLENBURG PRESBYTERY

Albemarle 1st	53.50
Badin, Ladies' B. C.	3.00
Bethel	6.94
Camden, April & May	4.00
Candor, April	4.40
May	5.15
Commonwealth	20.00
Cornelius	5.00
Erdman Love, May	4.19
June	3.00
Hopewell	7.21
Huntersville	21.46
Monroe 1st	26.85
Philadelphia	15.95
Robinson May	6.10
June	6.25
Rockingham	45.96
Tenth Avenue	32.68
Westminster, Men's B. C.	9.00

ORANGE PRESBYTERY

Alamance	18.97
Buffalo (G)	29.14
Burlington 1st	40.19
El-Bethel, May	12.95
June	11.57
Greensboro 1st, Men's B. C.	27.52
Mrs. Myers B. C.	10.00
Jonesboro, April	12.00
May	9.72
June	11.25
Little River	19.00
Madison, May	16.44
June	12.50
Mebane	7.00
New Hope	5.00
Pittsboro	2.00
Westminster	26.05
Yanceyville	9.91

WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY

Baker May & June	13.67
Beulaville	8.00
Clarkton	9.69
Elizabethtown	15.49
Grove	11.46
Harmony	6.02
Mrs. Mary M. Shaw	5.00
Mount Olive, May	10.50
June	11.62
Mount Zion, April 5th Sunday	10.00
Pollocksville	6.00
South River	1.00
Wallace, May	9.34
June	10.71
Warsaw, 1st quarter	43.50
White Plains	15.00
Willard, April 5th Sunday	5.22
Winter Park	5.00

W.-SALEM PRESBYTERY

North Wilkesboro May	24.52
Winston-Salem 1st April & May	60.60
Neal Anderson B. C., April & May	46.00

Auxiliaries

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY

Fountain	2.00
Greenville 1st, April - Sept.	3.00
Howard Memorial	7.00
Budget	4.00
Rocky Mount 1st, A Friend	20.00
April, May & June	36.00
Rocky Mount 2nd	1.00

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Kannapolis 1st	14.00
Lenoir, June & July	10.00
Roval Oaks	1.00
Salisbury 1st	23.88
Salisbury 2nd	9.00
Spencer, Circles 1 & 2	9.00
Thyatira	2.00

FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY

Brownson Memorial	16.00
Laurinburg, 1st quarter	24.00
Red Springs, 1st quarter	22.91

GRANVILLE PRESBYTERY

Raleigh 1st	16.00

KINGS MTN. PRESBYTERY

Cherryville	4.10
Mary Grove Circle	2.00
Covenant, 2nd quarter	3.00
Mount Holly	6.40
Shelby	5.00

MECKLENBURG PRESBYTERY

Charlotte 2nd	42.00
Myers Park	16.50
Nevin	.24
Plaza	.50
Saint Andrews	.60
South Park Chapel	.32
Westminster	15.50
Wilmore	.72

ORANGE PRESBYTERY

Buffalo (G), 7 Circles, 1st quarter	21.00
Greensboro 1st	94.82
1944 Thanks	15.00
Jonesboro	5.00
Springwood	3.75
Westminster	10.00

WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY

Clarkton	6.00
Grove	3.00
Business Girl's Circle	3.00
Immanuel	23.36
Mount Zion	16.00

W. SALEM PRESBYTERY

Winston-Salem 1st	15.00

Young People

GRANVILLE PRESBYTERY

Trinity Avenue	8.00

MECKLENBURG PRESBYTERY

Tenth Avenue	.48